

## **APPENDIX M: Journal Accounts from Expeditions from 1878 to 1890**

The following accounts are directly taken from the reference: Lien, Carsten. *Exploring the Olympic Mountains: Accounts of the Earliest Expeditions 1878-1890*. Seattle, Washington: The Mountaineers Books, 2001.

### **Watkinson Expedition (1878)**

This expedition involved five young men from logging camps of Hood Canal. They traveled from Hood Canal up the Skokomish River to Lake Cushman, and then up to the top of the Olympic Mountains. At that point they went down the east fork of the Quinault River to the forks, and down the remainder of the Quinault River to the Pacific Ocean. They then went south and then east to Aberdeen.

September 8 and 9, 1878, headed down the mainstem of the Quinault River between the Forks and Lake Quinault (p.15).

“The river was becoming too deep to ford.”

“There were many indications of very heavy freshets here. In some places, the bars are one quarter of a mile wide, with great drift piles on top of them.”

September 11, 2004, Traveling by canoe down the lower Quinault below the lake (p.16).

“Its (the river) banks are much more regular below the lake than above it.”

“At this time, the water was very low, and there were many dangerous riffles to shoot.”

### **Press Expedition (1889 to 1890), Described by Captain Barnes Journal unless otherwise noted**

May 16, 1890, headed downstream on the North Fork Quinault (p.100):

“One hundred yards below camp we forded a slough and traveled for a short distance on a bar. Recrossing to the mainland we came to a large island, over a mile long and about a mile wide. We crossed a deep stream separating it from the mainland, and traveled the length of the island through a dense jungle of underbrush. It is heavily timbered and possesses a fertile soil. At the west end of the island we dropped a tree across and took to the sidehill. The task now became very heavy, as for the remainder of the day we climbed up and down.”

“At one point descending to the river we found a small sandbar covered with driftwood. The land on the other side of the river was flat and we were desirous of getting there to avoid continuous climbing of these sidehills. The river was unfavorable, however, for fording, and the driftwood was too rotten and heavy for a raft, so that we had to give up the idea and take again to the sidehill. Toward evening, descending again to the river, we made two more attempts to cross. The first attempt was made with a rope

lashed from man to man, but our united strength could not resist the strength of the current. At a short distance above we made another attempt, in water to our armpits, and succeeded in reaching an island in the middle of the river. We arrived there wet and tired and made camp on the sand of the island.”

May 17, 1890, Traveled down North Fork Quinault to Forks, and continued downstream on mainstem Quinault to Bunch Creek (p.100).

“We felled a large tree from the island to the north bank and crossed. We continued all day down the river, through dense underbrush consisting of a tangled thicket of salmon berry bushes, vine maple and all other usual small growth that can be imagined. About noon we came to a big bend of the river with a fork from the eastward. This fork at the point of junction is about equal in size and in its possibilities for navigation with the main river....Below the fork we suddenly emerged upon a little clearing, in the middle of which was a log cabin<sup>1</sup>, our first sign of civilized man for many months...The river was now large and broad. As we went onward we found frequent signs of man. We presently came upon the cold embers of an Indian fire surrounded by a frame work of drying fish. The bank of the river becoming now so dense with underbrush as to be almost impenetrable, we struck backward from the river and found dry sloughs, which we followed. They led us again to the river about one mile below and there we made camp on a sand bar<sup>2</sup>...”

May 18, 1890, Started across from Bunch Creek, and built raft between Bunch and Fletcher Creek (p.102).

“We had a spur to climb and follow, half a mile long, to reach the sand bars again. But the spur was so matted and jungled that we could penetrate only with difficulty, so we descended to the water’s edge and scrambled along the rock, clinging to the overhanging foliage. Passing this we struck inland and followed a dry slough for a mile, which brought us out on the bank again.”

“For several miles back the river had been smooth and quiet, and the banks and channel free of drift timber...So as we looked down the smoothly gliding stream, which would carry us in an hour a distance which it would take us two or three days to make along the bank, Mr. Christie was persuaded to build a raft.”

“White still cutting and rolling down logs, which lay upon the bank, we were suddenly surprised to catch sight of a man as he emerged from bushes on the opposite bank...His name was F.S. Antrim of Aberdeen....He said the lake was eight miles down. We asked him if a raft would go down. He said he was ignorant of rafting, and turning to one of his Indian guides, asked him what he thought of it. The Indian nodded toward the hills on the north of the valley and said: “Good trail over there.” “Yes, but can these gentlemen

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<sup>1</sup> This location is estimated to be on the north bank of the Quinault River just below the Forks near where Bunchfield Slough is now present. This clearing can still be seen today on the present aerial photographs.

<sup>2</sup> This sand bar was located across from Bunch Creek drainage.

go down on a raft?" The Indian looked thoughtful for a moment and then said: "Yes, raft go down." But still he looked at the hills as he repeated: "Trail over there."

"Seven good sized sticks rolled into the water and lashed to good solid cross pieces with rope lashings, made a comfortable raft of about eight by fifteen feet."

"Pushing out into the stream we were soon gliding quietly and swiftly down. The steering oar in Mr. Christie's experienced hands, assisted by an occasional check with the poles, served to keep us in mid channel. The river for over a mile continued as gentle as could be desired, and we congratulated ourselves on an early termination of our journey."

"As we rounded a sharp bend in the river we were suddenly horrified to see the whole current sweep in toward the right bank and pass under a great pile of drift timber which lay upon the bank and projected half way across the stream. We were then traveling at 10 to 12 miles an hour, and the poles were powerless. Mr. Christie, however with his oar was able to swing the raft so that it struck the drift pile broadside, thereby preserving it from instant destruction. The instant we struck, Crumback and Sims sprang from the raft to the driftpile and were safe. At the same moment a huge volume of water poured over the raft, sweeping from it Hayes, myself and all the baggage. When I came to the surface a few seconds later I had passed under the outer corner of the driftpile and was grasping the pack which contained the records, the loss of which we would have felt most. I managed to grasp a spar, which projected some distance out from the lower end of the driftpile. Mr. Christie meanwhile had succeeded in extricating young Hayes, who had been swept off the raft and was being borne directly under the timber. Mr. Christie grasped him by the arm just in time. It was a narrow shave for Hayes, for even if he had not met with an obstruction beneath, which would have terminated his career like a cat in a bag, the chances are a hundred to one that he would have bumped his head in the passage."

"Hayes then being safe ashore, Mr. Christie, not knowing but that I had gone on down the river, determined to follow with the raft. The raft had by this time swung out to near the point of the driftpile, and a strong effort on his part was sufficient to clear it entirely. I was, however, but 50 to 60 yards below, and fearing the raft might crush me, I let go the snag to which I was clinging. I was carried down the stream several hundred yards before I succeeded in getting out of the boiling waters which formed the current, and felt under my feet the gravel of terra firma on the opposite or left bank. Mr. Christie and the raft went on down a couple of hundred yards further, and then he succeeded in getting to the same side on which I was."

"The boys had the best of the road, their side (north side) being for a large part along sandy bars. Our side was covered with thick woods, dense with underbrush, and cut with sloughs. The salmon berry bushes and bramble held us so that we did not make more

than a mile in three hours of hard work...Finally we reached a sandbar and camped there with the boys opposite us.”<sup>3</sup>

May 18, 1890 (Christie's Journal, p.133)

On reaching a gravel beach some six miles below the east fork (location was actually a shorter distance from forks according to map of party), dry wood being handy, I determined to collect timber and launch a raft at the point.”

May 19, 1890 (Barnes Journal, p.104-105)

“The boys, on seeing us, came down the river bank, and we were able to communicate by shouting....”From the information furnished by Mr. Antrim, we estimated that we were about five miles from a settler's cabin at the head of the lake. The boys having permission to go on started at once, and it was as good as a joke to see the speed with which they disappeared into the woods....He (Mr. Christie) had not been gone five minutes when who should come around the bend from above but our benefactor of yesterday, Mr. Antrim, in his canoe...Mr. Antrim camped at the forks last evening. This morning he had left his camp at 4 o'clock, coming down the river (by canoe with the Indian guides), and thus we met him....Once in the canoe we thoroughly enjoyed the day...The river was a surprise to us. Piles of driftwood were frequent. In fact, it soon became evident to us that it would have been impossible for us to have descended the river on a raft. If we had not been wrecked where we were it would have been impossible to escape it half a mile below. As we neared the lake drift piles became still more numerous, and it required most skillful handling to clear them with the canoe. But in the hands of the Indians, who had been brought up from boyhood on the river, and had frequently traveled as high as the forks, the voyage was made in perfect safety. Their knowledge of the current is wonderful. They know every submerged sandbar, rock, and snag on the river, and just the right stroke of the paddle at the right time sends the canoe past dangers which to us were invisible until we were by them.”

“About a mile down the river we picked up the boys who were stoutly trudging down the bank...Eight men and three dogs made a large passenger list for the little canoe, but it arrived safely at last at the mouth of the river. Here we found a house, and an actual, bona fide, settler. Antrim's stores were cached here...”

May 20, camping on the Lower Quinault below the lake (p.107)

“From this point to the mouth of the river the channel is free of obstruction. A bar is said to obstruct the mouth of the river, but from that point to the forks, 10 or 12 miles above the lake, the river channel is navigable for streamboats. The current is nowhere swift, and plenty of depth obtains. The only present obstacle is the occasional jam of logs or

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<sup>3</sup> “Camp 45 of the Press Party, ‘Split Camp’, for May 18, 1890, were two separate campsites, located on opposite sides of the Upper Quinault River, in the north half of section 36. Christie and Barnes were encamped on the south side of the river, while Hayes, Crumback, and Sims camped on the north side.”

pile of drift timber, but these are small and easily cleared with a small quantity of dynamite.”

Geology of the Olympics, Charles A. Barnes, Seattle Press, July 16, 1890 (p.137)

“The mountains, as a whole, are well timbered. Hemlock, fir, spruce, cedar and pine are the chief varieties. On the Quinault River the timber is equally good as far up as Alexander river<sup>4</sup>. Above Alexander the timber is poor. It grows to a large size, but is rotten, conchy, and crooked. The river could be cleared at a slight expense, and logs driven with ease from as high as the head of Chester valley at all seasons of the year.”

“There is no grass in these mountains, except some little on the lower Elwha upon old burnt mountain sides.” “Beaver and fisher are numerous on the Quinault.”

**Gilman Explorations**, 1889 to 1890, October 20, 1890 started at Quinault River and traversed in up the river to its headwaters. They were two men on this expedition who hired an Indian guide to take them up the Quinault to the forks by canoe. Descriptions below were printed in Seattle Post-Intelligencer, June 5, 1890

October 20, 1889 (p. 172 – 73)

“The tributary country was at the time almost unsettled, though a number of settlers have gone in since and established an embryo city of the banks of the lake.”

“At the lake they found three hunters and trappers occupying a house that had been built and abandoned by a squatter the spring before. The three men received them well, but were very dubious when told of the mission of the Gilmans (the men had a hard time finding a guide because of the high waters and deep snow that were predicted to be encountered at this time of year).”

“The adventurers found the river very swift and were constrained to walk most of the time, while the Indians pulled the canoe. Occasionally they would strike an obstruction on the bank and then the Indians would ferry them to the other side where they pursued their course until they were compelled to cross over again. They continued up the river until the afternoon of the next day, October 25, when they reached the forks about 4:30 pm.”

“On October 28, they took the canoe and started on up the east fork, which came down from the direction of Mount Constance, in a course a little south of west; but they had hardly gone three miles before they encountered an immense log jam and had to abandon the canoe.”

“On the second morning after reaching the east fork of the Quinault (coming back down the mountain), they started downstream, in search of an old canoe they had noticed on their way up. They soon found it and spent some time in patching it up. Next morning,

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<sup>4</sup> This stream today is known as Rustler Creek.

making an early start, they continued down to the forks, reaching them at noon; and at night they came to the lake.”

**DeFord Party Expedition, 1890 (p. 206-207)**

“Above the lake they found the canoeing difficult, it being necessary in many places to drag their canoes over the shoals and jams. They traveled for an entire day above the lake by canoe. After leaving their boats they continued on foot for three days to the hills of the Olympic, and had the experience of a snow storm on the 25<sup>th</sup> of August.”

**O’Neil Expedition, August 1890 (p.273)**

“After a very heavy tramp of five days we reached Lake Quinault....After the junction of the North and East Forks, about 10 miles from the lake, the river becomes a large-sized stream, in spring very rapid...The North Fork is a stream nearly as large as the East Fork, rising just south of Mount Olympus.”

“We then turned eastward to strike a stream on the other side of the divide which we knew to be the North Fork of the Quinault, or one of its tributaries. We reached it, but were unable to travel either on the ridge or hillside, and again forced into the bed of the stream....This stream increased in size very rapidly, fed by its numerous tributaries, and I was puzzled to know where it joined the North Fork of the Quinault. But what puzzled me more a little later was where the stream we had been following, a rushing, foaming body of water, fully 30 feet wide and from 6 inches to 5 feet in depth, disappeared and as completely as if it had never existed; and for three hours we tramped along in its bed, which was as dry as if water had never touched it. We dug several feet but found no water. At last we had about resolved to make a dry camp, when just in front of us flowed the stream, much larger than where it disappeared. We afterwards noticed a great many of these freaks, the water sinking and again rising some 8 or 10 miles distant. We had mistaken the location of this stream, for instead of flowing on to the North Fork it makes a curve and joins the main Quinault River about 5 miles above the lake.”<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>5</sup> This stream is believed to be what is presently referred to as Big Creek.